

THE RISING SON.
LEWIS WOODS, Business Manager.
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Correspondents wanted in every city
and town in this state. Write us.
All news matter intended for publication
should reach our office not later
than Tuesday, of each week and
must be signed by the writer not for
publication, but as guarantee of authenticity.

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OLDEST NEGRO JOURNAL
... IN KANSAS CITY.

**TWICE ALL
THE REST.**

The paid circulation
of THE RISING SON
is more than double
the combined circulation
of all the other
Kansas City colored
weekly newspapers.

EDITORIAL.

Character is the best security that
any man can offer in time of need.
It is better collateral than bonds, notes
or mortgages. These may be lost or
destroyed, but sound character will
endure as long as life lasts.

Every true American must necessarily
accredit President Roosevelt
with that high sense of justice and
moral courage which form the characteristics
of our greatest and most
successful statesmen of the age.

President Roosevelt is detesting
Negro intelligence, character and integrity.
Indeed, our gracious president
is a fearless champion of the
right and the very soul of broadness.
He refuses to place the yoke about the
neck of an unfortunate people, with
the injunction that a half a century
ago. Upon the other hand, if a Negro
would seek intelligence and character,
Mr. Roosevelt believes in extending
to him the hand of encouragement.

Col. Crisp, the Missouri legislator,
does not seem to think that his pet
measure, the Jim Crow Street Car bill,
affords the Negro sufficient mortification,
he is also going to introduce a
measure having for its purpose, separate
reading rooms for Negroes in the
public libraries of the state. The
old Col's prejudice toward the Negro
race is that of a typical southerner.
It matters not how foolish or inconsistent
his opinion affecting the Negro
he is quite contented so long as it is
tinged with that bitterness of prejudice
which knows no conscience.

I know of the bravery and character
of the Negro soldier. He saved
my life at Santiago, and I have had
occasion to say so in many articles
and speeches. The Rough Riders were
in a bad position when the Ninth
and Tenth cavalry came rushing up
to them. The Negro soldier has the
faculty of coming to the front when
he is needed most. In the Civil war
he came 40,000 strong, and I believe
he saved the Union. President
Roosevelt.

The appointment of W. H. Lewis,
a Negro graduate of Harvard college,
as assistant district attorney at Boston
by the administration, is a direct
reputation to the charges made by the
southern press in commenting upon
the appointment of Crum as collector
at Charleston. The Negroes of this
country are gratified at the stand the
administration is taking concerning
Negro appointments. The president
is carrying out his policy in appointing
Negroes from a stand point of
fitness and integrity, leaving the
color question out entirely.

"President Roosevelt's Successor,"
by E. Mont Reilly, is a splendid exposition
of the reasons why he should
succeed himself as president. E.
Mont Reilly as a Republican worker
and organizer, has the happy faculty
of doing things timely, as private
secretary to the mayor, J. M. Jones,
and as assistant postmaster he has
proven his executive ability, and his
loyalty to his friends.

God and right will not suffer a
hypocrite to lead any people long.

The Interstate Literary Association
met in annual session at Leavenworth
Kansas, December 26th for the 12th
time. After transacting its routine
business and rendering a very creditable
program it adjourned to meet at
Fort Scott with Turner W. Bell, Esq.,
of Leavenworth, as president. We
hope to see a new interest revived and
that the idea of its organization may
yet be realized.

Hon. R. C. Kerens received the Republican
endorsement for United
States senator. A well deserved
compliment to an untiring party worker
and a good friend to the Negro.

Promise will not pay our bills. We
expect our delinquents to pay up at
once, either to the collector when he
calls or at this office, because after
the 1st of the month we shall put all
outstanding bills in the hands of a collection
agency.

Why don't we hear the pantheon
proposition discussed by our Negroes?
In spite of all opposition and
lethargy our co-operation scheme shall
succeed. First because it is an honest
solution of our problem in this community.
Second because the promoter
knows no such thing as fail. Third,
the big Negroes are looking on and
the earnest Negro is at the helm.
Fourth, because it has the endorsement
of the Negro who has the best
interests of his race at heart. Fifth,
because it has the endorsement of
some of the very best merchants and
bankers of this city.

Now let us do our duty by The Son
and we will give you a good, clean,
newsy paper.

Don't take the paper a whole year,
and some two and some three and
when the collector comes around get
mad and bad all at the same time, but
be men and women. Pay up and let
the good work go on. You may look
for us at any time. Now, it takes
money to run this paper and I must
have your support in every way. My
success is yours and yours is mine.
Let us get the one thing that means
success to Kansas City.

White men in the North have so
long enjoyed a monopoly of political
soft snags, that when a Negro is given
one they are disposed to make all the
trouble they can for him—if he is fool
enough to let them bluff him. Some
of these same white stinkers calling
themselves Republicans owe their
good fortune in getting into office to
the votes of the black men. In their
wards and districts these shrewd white
politicians manipulate the Negro vote,
and after election get the highest
office they are able to fill generally—a
messengership, a watchman's job
or some other position in which there
is no work and no great mental ability
required to discharge its duties. The
"colored boys" get the spittoon cleaning
and laborers jobs and a white boss.

INDIANOLA, MISS. VS. THE PEOPLE.

Mrs. Cox, the colored postmistress
of Indianola, has been forced to leave
her home and friends by reason of an
un-Christian prejudice—and we would
like to say an un-American prejudice.
The congressman who represents that
district, in our judgment, is less than
a statesman and gentleman. The
resolution he proposes to introduce,
referring to the postoffice situation,
deserves the bitterest contempt of all
Negroes in this country, and if our
liberal were put in practice he would
feel and see the withering contempt
of the intelligence as well as the
childlikelessness of a long-suffering and
a down-trodden people, before he
leaves Washington for his hateful home.

If the powerful influences of the
North did not use themselves as instruments
to defend and uphold the
Southern people in their disregard of
law and peaceful habits, the country
would be more happy and more prosperous.
Not only the Northern press
but largely the Northern pulpit caters
to and palliates, if it does not actually
encourage the wrong doings of the
South in an effort to "unite" the two
sections.

The Christian ministry and the public
press are more largely blameable
for the disorder and bloodshed of the
South than any other features of society.
Men and women are put to
death on any sort of suspicion right in
the hearing of revival meetings.

CHASED DEER ON BICYCLE.

Animal Seemingly Enjoyed His Race
With the Machine.

C. D. Storms of Honesdale, Pa., was
making a bicycle trip on the towpath
of the abandoned Delaware & Hudson
canal the other day. When he was
between Glen Eyre and Rowland, in
Pike county, says the New York Sun,
a big buck sprang out of a thicket and
into the canal just ahead of him.

The deer paused a moment and took
a wondering look at the man on the
wheel, and then went bounding along
the dry bed of the big ditch. Storms
put on all speed, but the buck led
him a chase of more than a mile, keeping
well ahead of him.

Coming to a lock in the canal the
buck leaped out of the canal at one
bond, cleared the towpath at another,
took to the Lackawanna river, crossed
to the other side, bounded across the
track of the Erie railroad's Honesdale
branch, a few yards ahead of an
east-bound coal train, and disappeared
into the woods.

Significant Court Decision.

The decision of the Kansas City
court of appeals that the combination
of brewers that exists in that city is
a trust of the kind expressly forbidden
by the statutes of Missouri, and that
any person who is indebted to the
brewers in the combination need not
pay his bill, and the brewer cannot
collect the debt even by going to the
courts, is an indication of the trouble
that is brewing everywhere for unlawful
combinations.

The Wiles of a Widow.

BY NORMAN WRIGHT.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
Of course, it was my fault—probably.
I was young; we were both
young; had we been older, or at least
wiser, it would not have happened.
But what's the use of talking
about "ifs" and "buts"? It was as it
was and there's no help for it.

I might as well state plainly at this
juncture that Margery and I were in
love, or at least we thought we were.
We had been sweethearts ever since
she was in pinafores and I in short
pants. But at the time it happened I
had blossomed into creased trousers
and a downy mustache and carried a
cane—had become, in short, quite a
young man of fashion and wholly dis-
inclined to be treated as a kid. Now,
Margery was a most aggravating miss—
and mischievous, and she declined
wholly to accept me in the role of a
young gentleman of fashion, preferring
to maintain the old relationship as
boy and girl. This was, as you can
readily conceive, a constant source of
annoyance and humiliation to me, and
I was in no playful mood when Marg-
ery's cousin, big and bronzed and 30,
and the possessor of a long and flow-
ing black mustache, came out to visit
Margery's family. Then came a series
of odious comparisons—done al-
ways in Margery's laughing way and
probably not intended to hurt. But
they did hurt and mortally. What
young cut of 20 with the first growth
of down on his upper lip can see the
humor in comparisons with the flow-
ing mustache of a full grown man? And
when on top of this the sweet-
heart of your fondest dreams deliber-
ately refuses to accept your invitations
and appears places with a big, hand-
some cousin with a piratical mustache,
a man certainly is justified in taking
radical measures.

It was just when I was feeling my
worst that I met the widow. It was at
a party, to which, by the way, Margery
had refused to accompany me, prefer-
ing to see the look of impotent rage
which adorned my face. As I stood
biting my nails and wishing most
heartily that I was somewhere else,
when glancing across the room I was
dazzled by a vision of loveliness which
fairly drove the blood back upon my
heart. It seemed that I had never
seen eyes so black and saucy, a com-
plexion so richly olive, lips so red and
full and inviting, a chin so dainty and
a form so altogether alluring. Well, I
was formally introduced and most
graciously received. With the art of a
clever woman—and a widow—she made
me feel that I was a most important
personage in her eyes and that she
liked me. I suppose that evening was
the happiest I ever knew—unless I ex-
cept the evenings following. Her flat-
tery was intense to my spirit, wound-
ed as it was by Margery's conduct.
Immediately I became the devoted
slave of the widow. She was a few
years older than I, but the manner in
which she looked up to me and de-
ferred to my opinions convinced me
that I was really her elder in knowl-
edge of the world and that she was
but a clinging vine wholly dependent
upon my strength and wisdom.

Within a week I was wholly en-
slaved. I could think of nothing, talk
of nothing but the widow. By that
time I was calling her Nellie, at her
own suggestion delicately conveyed. I
was ruinously extravagant in flowers
and theatres, and matters were pro-
gressing rapidly. My affair with Marg-
ery was forgotten, or, if remembered,
it seemed wholly childish beside the
fiery passion of my new love-making.
And the love-making was all so easy.
There was none of the embarrassment
so constantly arising in my relations
with Margery. The widow's plump
little hand seemed so invitingly near
to mine at moments when it was pro-
pitious to give it a warm squeeze, and
there were always so many perfect op-
portunities for quite tete-a-tetes. And
those tete-a-tetes—there never were
such delightful ones since the begin-
ning of time. The modest blushes and
sighs of the widow nearly drove me



Nellie.
distracted with delight. I have sus-
pected since that the widow was not so
modest and ingenuous as she seemed—
and yet it seems sacrilege even to sug-
gest it.

I remember the first time I kissed
her. It was several weeks after I met
her. She had been particularly invit-
ing and gracious and I had caught
glimpses of the daintiest of ankles
peeping from the daintiest of lingerie,
which I confess set me afire. She was
attired that night, too, in a gown that
suggested every line of her faultless
figure and kept my mind filled with
visions of gathering her in my arms.
As I arose to go I came pretty near

doing it—even started toward her—
but my timidity got the best of me and
I drew back. Just then, in some un-
accountable manner she tripped and
lurched toward me. Well, what could
I do but throw out my arms to save
her and in an instant I had that
luscious morsel in my arms—and when
she was securely there it all seemed so
natural that I squeezed her tight and
planted an ardent kiss full on her ripe
lips.

Her cheeks were aflame and she
drew several sharp breaths as she
shrank from me, saying:

"Oh, don't, Fred, you mustn't. I
really am afraid of you when you look
like that."

But I only held her the tighter and
rained kisses upon her. Then she sent
me from her, telling me that she dared
not trust herself with me longer. And
I went home intoxicated with her
beauty and charms.

Ah me, that was before Uncle Tom
died, and instead of leaving his mil-
lions to me as everybody expected and
had been led to expect, endowed a col-
lege with them. And I went to work
in an insurance office, and somehow
circumstances seemed to make it hard-
er to see the widow, especially alone,
and we gradually drifted apart—and



"Oh, don't, Fred, you mustn't!"
only last week she married Nathaniel
Sykes, 60 years old and worth three
millions.

The Williams and Walker company
at the Grand this week played to a
crowded house each evening. They
are both very clever artists, in fact,
the whole company is all right. It is
the best on the road and much praise
is extended to it by the white and black.
Manager Judah of the Grand gave
the colored citizens good accommoda-
tions at the Williams and Walker
show this week.

IMMENSE TREES IN FLORIDA.

Monarchs of the Forest That Have
Stood for Centuries.

It is difficult even to guess at the
age of the ancient live oaks, but some
of them must number centuries and
the oldest and greatest of them all
is a monarch of the forest, with its
outer branches sweeping the ground
in a circle 120 feet across, with limbs
as great as ordinary trunks of trees
and bearing a garden of aerial ferns
and air-plants upon their bark. This
venerable tree is supposed to be the
largest live oak in Florida. Enormous
grape-vine trunks rise sinuously from
the ground and lose themselves amid
the quarter-acre of foliage that
crowns this tree; the saplings that
once gave them support have disap-
peared long years ago, their only
record being the angles and curves of
grape-vine stem to which they lent
their transient aid in climbing sky-
ward.—Country Life in America.

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and softens and lengthens the Hair, so that it can be arranged in any style desired.
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ple is not sufficient to do good. Price, 50c., or 3 bottles (a complete treatment)
for \$1.00, or will send four complete treatments for \$3.00.

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PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN YOU WRITE.

Investment of French Capital.

A few months ago the minister of
foreign affairs of France sent a letter
to French consuls in the different
quarters of the world, instructing them
to report on the amount of money in-
vested by Frenchmen in their various
consular districts. France has always
had the reputation of being an invest-
ing country, a dividend-receiving coun-
try, a nation of almost inexhaustible
resources. The result of the consular
investigations fully sustains this
reputation, showing that the foreign
investments of France aggregate in
round numbers nearly \$6,000,000,000.

Rival Speakers.

While Mr. Webster was once ad-
dressing the Senate on the subject
of internal improvements, and every
Senator was listening with close at-
tention, the Senate clock commenced
striking, but instead of striking twice
and indicating the hour, it continued
to strike without cessation more than
forty times. All eyes turned to the
clock, and Mr. Webster remained si-
lent until the clock struck about
twenty, when he thus appealed to the
chair: "Mr. President, the clock is
out of order. I have the floor."

CARD OF THANKS.

Rev. and Mrs. Bacote extend thanks
to all sympathizing with them in the
death of their infant son, Samuel.

The Czar's Bodyguard.

The Czar's bodyguard consists of
fifteen Cossacks noted for their
keenness and courage. They ac-
company the Emperor every-
where, sometimes in disguise, some-
times in uniform, and on occasions as
private gentlemen of the court. They
keep a special watch on the kitchen,
and examine everything that is cooked
before it is placed on the imperial
table. The wine is tasted several
times a day by three persons, for fear
that it should be drugged.

"NOT GUILTY."



THEY HAVE KILLED HIM.

The virtue and frailties of human na-
ture are depicted in a forceful and
graphic manner in "Not Guilty," the
melodrama that will be introduced at
the Gilliss theatre, commencing next
Sunday matinee. Goodness is triumph-
ant at the end, as it should be, and
thus a wholesome lesson is impressed
upon evil doers. In this play George
Dalton is the principal representative
of the forces of evil. He is in the
employ of James Sheldon as private
secretary, Sheldon having given him
the position out of friendship for Dal-
ton's father, whose schoolmate and
friend he was. Sheldon has a charm-
ing daughter, and believing Dalton to
be worthy of her hand, he plans for
their marriage.

Four Thousand Godfathers.

Princess Irene of Prussia is better
provided for in the matter of godfath-
ers than any other woman in the
world. She can boast of no fewer than
4,000 godfathers, and how she came
to obtain so many is a pretty story.
When she was born the war of 1866
was drawing to an end, and peace be-
ing concluded just at the time of her
christening, her father, Prince Henry
of Hess, requested all the officers and
men of the regiment under his com-
mand to stand godfathers to his little
daughter, whom he named Irene
(Peace) in commemoration of the end
of the war.

Scylla on Charybdis.

Cheerful English writer informs us
that vegetable food makes the blood
vessels hard and stony, deposits tartar
on the teeth and make them fall out,
increases the fat of the body and tends
to cause fatty degeneration of the
heart, liver and brain, while meat
gives gout, rheumatism, trichinosis,
tapeworm, erysipelas, consumption
and cancer. Cheerful English writer
will please further inform us what par-
ticular brand of embalmed breakfast
food he is booming—not necessarily
for publication, but as a guarantee of
good faith.

Decorated Americans Have Company.

Seems to be no end of the list
of titles in Germany. Grand Duke of
Hess has just conferred the heredi-
tary title of court marshal on the
mason who reconstructed the ducal
bathroom, while the Prince Regent of
Bavaria has a royal sewer-maker and
a court motorist. The imperial white
wingist and the grand ducal boot-
polish are probably on the way. These
things greatly enhance the value of
Col. Patridge's decoration.—New
York Telegram.

Certainly a Sound Sleeper.

Paul Kruger in his memoirs tells
the story of a secretary whom he pun-
ished for being drunk by tying him to
a wagon wheel. During the night 3,
000 Kaffirs and about 4,000 Zulus at-
tacked the Boer camp and were not
driven off till daybreak. The secre-
tary slept so soundly that he noticed
nothing of the fight, and the next day,
when he at last awoke, he looked
around in astonishment and asked:
"Have you people been fighting during
the night?"

Prize for Life-Saving Device.

The Johannesburg Chamber of
Mines offers prizes for practical sug-
gestions and means for obviating min-
er's consumption, which is thought
to result from the fine dust made by
the drilling machines. The following
awards are offered for the three best
practical suggestions and devices on
the subject: First prize, \$2,500 and
a gold medal; second prize, \$1,250;
third prize, \$500.

That Bubonic Plague.

Some Mississippi negroes were dis-
cussing yellow fever days in Havana.
Uncle Marcus, who was one of the
group, rose to his feet, and with many
gesticulations thus harangued the
crowd: "Yo kin talk about de fever,
ole Yellow Jack. When dat gits a
holt on you-all it's mighty rough;
but yo' kin most alters generally git
cured. An' de smallpox am bad; it
sho' gives yo' de misery in every
particular ob yo' frame; but yo' kin git
over dat, 'cept its track. But dis yere
new misery ketches yo' every time.
Dere ain't no hope fo' ye, chillum, wen
ye' git took by de bonny blue flag!"

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